[3]

ACCOUNT

Of the Taking of

Mr. CASTEER S, at TENDERTON in KENT,

And

Mr. LOBB, in ESSEX.

Two Non-Conformist-Ministers

Mentioned in His

Majesties Declaration, &c.

For Conspiring the Death of the King, &c.

THE Saints have been a long time looking for a Change, they have been Preaching Woe and Judgments to the People, and now it is come with a Witness. Beware of Popery, says *Lobb*; the *Philistins* are upon us, says *Ferguson*; and the Day of Judgment is at hand; and sure it must be a Terrible Day for the Saints, when they call for the Mountains and the Hills to cover them; and for all their Innocence and Sanctification, none dare stand the Test of, *Come ye Blessed*.

Sure these Sanctified Pretenders, for all their Assurance of Election, are but meer *Saducees*, and can believe no Resurrection in the next World, that are so forward for an Insurrection in this.

But what is meant in the Stile of the Covenant, by Insurrection, this is but a Scandalous Epethite of the Abusive Torys, to put the worst of Names upon the best Designs. In the Language of the Saints, this is call'd no more then a Reformation. And Railing of Arms, no more, then putting on the Helmet of Righteousness for the Holy Cause. In which Sence, the highest of Treasons is but Misprision at best.

Now if this Fallacy wou'd pass upon *Jack Ketch*, as easily as it does upon the Brethren, they wou'd swallow Halters, as fast as they do Caudles, after a Treason Lecture, and wou'd run the hazard of the last Judgment, so they cou'd pass the Sentence of the *Lord Chief Justice*.

They flie from this, vainly hoping to escape the other, but Fears, Doubts and Jealousies, their old Friends, pursue them, and Guilt, more terrible then Death it self, follows the Bloody Regicide where e're he goes, and for all their private Lurkings in secret Corners, Justice at last finds them out, and brings the Traytor to his Just Reward.

Thus

Thus that Arch Traytor, and Incendiary *Casteers*, took his Refuge at *Tenderton*, in the Wilds of *Kent*. Indeed his Brutal Designs, and Bloody Practices, Render'd him, rather a Companion for *Savage Beasts*, then Men, and the Desarts fitter for him, then Holy-ground to Tread on, and *Paddinton* fitter then either.

Having here found out a Place fit for his Reception at one *Curtis* his House, (one that valu'd the Life of a Brother, above the Safety of his King, and had rather Conceal a Traytor, then Discover the Treason,) he took up Sanctuary here, where the Mayor of *Tenderton*, and Coll. *Austin*, coming to search for Arms in his House, as a Man Dissaffected to the Government, they found the said *Casteers* in Bed, where he lay in a very Violent Swet, without the help of a *Bagnion* or *Mezeredate*, finding him a Stranger, and in this Pickle of his own Souse, they asked him from whence he came, he answered faintly (by Reason of his Swet) from *Tunbridge*, and that Drinking the Waters there for a Time, had thrown him into that Violent Fit. Then they Demanded his Name, He told them, with some Hesitation, his Name was *William Swan*. The Reason that this Name came into his Mind, sooner then any other, was, that a little before he had been singing a *Psalm* of Thanks-giving to his Land-Lord, for his Deliverance, which (upon this Surprize, might be the last before his Death) put him in Mind of the *Swan*. But his Tongue Betraying him, and they finding by his Dialect, that he was a *Scotchman*, they asked him, if he knew Mr. *Ferguson*, who answered, he did very well, and that he was related to his Wife, but said, he had not seen him lately, he said the same of Mr. *Lobb*, and being asked of the Assassinating of the Arch-Bishop of St. *Andrews*, He seem'd to Justifie it as a Lawful Act. Then they asked him, what Country-Man he was, he denied he was a *Scotch-Man*, and said, he was Born in *Cumberland*. They then asked him, whether he had been of any University, and of what Foundation; he said, he was of *Cambridge*, but cou'd give no farther account of it.

Finding him to waver in his Answers, and a *Cargalike* in his Principles, he was secured and carried to *Tenderton* that Night. Next day being Examin'd upon the same particulars, he was so different from what he had said the Night before, that he had forgot his very Name, calling himself now by the Name of *William Moore*, for to this black Devil, his white *Swan* was Metamorphosed in a Nights Time. At last applying himself to Coll. *Austin*, to speak in his Behalf, he confessed himself to be *Casteers*, upon which the Mayor and Officers set a strong Guard on him, and sent him to *White-Hall*, where being Examin'd before the Secretary, he is Committed to the Custody of the Messengers. We are since assured that Mr. *Lobb*, another *Non-Con-Blunderbus*, is taken, by a Worthy and Loyal Gentleman, Captain *Henry Gorsing*, in *Essex*; and that the Lord *Grey* is Secur'd at *Rotterdam*.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Ashburne*, 1683.